cats or dogs either, if you don't like them!" when the Mouse heard this, it turned round and swam slowly back to her: its face was quite pale (with passion, Alice thought), and it said in a low, trembling voice, "Let us get to the shore, and then I'll tell you my history and you'll understand why it is I hate cats and dogs."

It was high time to go for the pool was getting quite crowded with the birds and animals that had fallen into it: there was a Duck and a Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and several other curious creatures. Alice led the way, and the whole party swam to the shore.

A CAUCUS-RACE AND A LONG TALE.

THEY were indeed a queer-looking party that assembled on the bank—the birds with draggled feathers, the animals with their fur clinging close to them, and all dripping wet, cross, and uncomfortable.

The first question of course was, how to get dry again: they had a consultation about this, and after a few minutes it seemed quite natural to Alice to find herself talking familiarly with them, as if she had known them all her life. Indeed, she had quite a long argument with the Lory, who at last turned sulky, and would only say, "I am older than you, and must know better;" and this Alice would not allow, without knowing how old it was, and as the Lory positively refused to tell its age, there was no more to be said.

LEWIS CARROLL *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (Illustrated by Bessie Pease Gutmann) LONDON, (1948?) THE BURSTEIN COLLECTION Octavo